

The Pacific Commercial Advertiser

U. S. WEATHER BUREAU, JULY 4.—Last 24 hours' rainfall, .13.
Temperature, Max. 81; Min. 71. Weather, fair.

SUGAR—96 Degree Test Centrifugals, 3.625c.; Per Ton, \$72.50.
88 Analysis Beets, 8s 3d; Per Ton, \$75.40.

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HONOLULU, HAWAII TERRITORY, THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1906.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE FOURTH IS HONORED

Change Noted in the Manner of the Day's Observance, and It Passes With an Absence of Noises That Is Grateful to Tired Nerves, but With No Lessening of the Patriotism of the People of This American Town.

Because it was a quiet Fourth of July, it does not follow that American patriotism is a lessening quantity. Not at all. It merely means that the American idea of the proper manner of the celebration of the anniversary of national independence is becoming sane—and safe.

This is a condition that has been brought about gradually, although to some of us the manifestation may have seemed to come suddenly yesterday. The same spirit is growing on the mainland. Great cities are tired of holding their fire departments to strict duty on one day in the year, to the end that the balance of the community may effervesce patriotic fervor in burning powder. Underwriters do not like to have the risk of an old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration added to the other risks that they run—with no added premium for the insurance.

Also, since the Spanish war, it is not nearly so fashionable to twist the tail of the British lion. We have even come to read a bit of truth into history, and to recognize the fact that the British are pretty good fellows, although Lord North and George III. did try to spank us in 1776. Lord North was an old crank, and George was a German, anyhow. Why should the great American nation, now grown up and in no need of asserting the fact, hold rancor forever against those good chaps who showed us that blood was thicker than water when Europe and the balance of the world was praying that the degenerate Dons might lick us out of our boots? The Dons never had a chance—but we were not so sure of that ourselves, just at the first go off.

For all of which reasons the manner of the celebration of the anniversary of American independence is changing, of which fact Honolulu had a demonstration yesterday. The town was as quiet as on a Sabbath day, excepting for the effervescence of a few choice spirits seeking to drown their disappointment at the changing times in square face gin. The difference from Sunday lay in the fact that the saloons were open. And that accounted for a part of the only noise in town. The balance was made by small boys, who refuse to surrender their prerogative of making noise to any changing times.

Indeed, the change in the manner of the Fourth of July observance bears somewhat hardly upon the small boy. The small boy's main idea of patriotism is as associated with noise. The small boy's main idea of any good things is as associated with noise. No properly constituted small boy can enjoy himself without noise. Indeed, when the small boy is quiet, his parents and guardians look after him most closely. His stillness is a portent.

Moreover, the small boy has been brought up through most of his brief years with the notion that the Fourth of July is a time to burn powder, to his own detriment it may be but certainly to the making of loud and explosive noises, and changing times are nothing to him. What does it matter that the gravity of his assembled elders resolves that the celebration of the nation's natal day shall be safe and sane and, as nearly as possible, noiseless? What does it matter that his elders absolutely determine not to give him money to burn? He has always celebrated with noise, and he is aggrieved when his noise is checked. And, indeed, it is hard to begin with him. Pioneers always suffer. The small boy of today is the pioneer of the future time.

Wherefore, in protest, the small boy still explodes cannon crackers when he can get them—aided by a few large boys who never will be grown up—and that accounts for the bombs and things that you heard at short intervals all through the day yesterday—and through the night before, too.

The noise yesterday, however, was as nothing to what it has been in former years. Should the present tendency endure, as seems most likely, the day will be more quietly observed next year, and still more quietly with each passing anniversary thereafter. The tendency of the townspeople to get into the country will be more strongly marked, and healthful out of door sports will continue the vogue.

Almost everybody went to the boat races yesterday forenoon. In the afternoon the baseball games and the cricket matches, and the Zoo, and other places of resort drew largely. In the evening, people enjoyed the coolth of their lanais, and many went to the Young Roof Garden to hear the patriotic exercises. People rested, and reflected upon their blessings. It was all punctuated with exploding bombs and crackers, and after dark with blazing rockets that searched the heavens and outshone the stars for their dazzling moment—but these things were incidental, and not the main purpose of the holiday. The great Yankee Nation has passed its adolescence. Nations, nor men must tell the world that youth is left behind.

LITERARY EXERCISES IN HONOR OF THE DAY

The broader destinies of America, her place as a world's power and as a factor making for universal peace, were the ideas brought to the front at the patriotic exercises last night, held under the auspices of the Sons of the American Revolution. The address given by Rev. J. Walter Sylvester was a looking forward to greater things more than a retrospect of the great things of the past, though the oldtime Fourth of July flavor was supplied in the opening readings and addresses.

It was a large and representative gathering which thronged the roof garden of the Young Hotel and overflowed in the parlors at either end. The dais for the speakers, at the makai end of the garden, faced the initial of the order blazing in red, white and blue incandescents at the mauka end. The garden itself was brilliant with numerous lights of the national colors, and the speakers stand was draped with the Stars and Stripes.

The exercises opened with a stirring address by Compatriot P. C. Jones, which was followed by the glee club, led by Madame Alapai, in "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."

Master Richard N. Mossman read the Declaration of Independence in splendid style. Though young, Master Moss-

man has a good voice and uses it to advantage.

"Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill," a thoroughly patriotic and rousing reading, was rendered by Miss Ray Bell, preceded by the singing of "America," in which all joined, as they did also in "Hawaii Ponoi."

After the applause following Miss Bell's reading had subsided, Compatriot Jones, the chairman, related a story in connection with the battle of Bunker Hill and apropos of the "Bystander's" reference to the battle some weeks since.

An English visitor, who was being shown the Bunker Hill monument, took occasion to remark: "This is where we beat you, is it not?" Whereupon his Yankee guide answered: "Yes, but who's got the hill now?" Compatriot Jones also remarked that his great grandfather was shingling a house in New Hampshire when the first shot was fired.

The address of the evening, "The Course of Empire," was delivered by Rev. Mr. Sylvester, the address being liberally punctuated by the rattle of firecrackers and the crashing of bombs in the streets below.

In introducing the speaker of the evening, Mr. Jones said that Mr. Sylvester was a genuine bean-eating Yankee, straight from New England. When coming to Honolulu he had been preceded by letters from leading men in many denominations in the East, who spoke of him as a leader, a seer

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The Myrtle Senior and Junior Crews Defeat Healanis in Pearl Loch Races, and University Club Beats Elks.

MYRTLES AND UNIVERSITY VICTORS.

Seniors—Myrtles defeat Healanis.
Juniors—Myrtles defeat Healanis.
Clubs—University defeats B. P. O. E.

Fifteen hundred people, at the least, viewed the double victory of the Red over the Blue in the annual championship boat races on the Pearl Harbor mile and a half straightaway course yesterday. A thousand or so went by rail from Honolulu. Some few hundreds assembled from the Ewa and Waianae countryside. Family and friendly parties took the high road from town in automobiles and other conveyances. Captain Tuft, of the New York Yacht Club, brought a large party of guests from town in his yacht Anemone under her auxiliary steam. There were also parties on board the tug Fearless, the yacht Hawaii, several motor launches and small yachts.

It was a brilliant scene on land and water. Though rain threatened most of the time, with a few slight drizzles borne upon fresh breezes making the threat emphatic, a majority of the multitude on shore stayed in the open, filling the few benches and squatting upon the grass beneath the shade of the algaroba trees. There was a throng upon the balcony and veranda off the Hawaii Yacht Club house, of which the public seemed to have the freedom without abusing it. Many also gathered under the capacious roof of the recreation pavilion. From these two buildings a good view of the finish, as well as of the greater part of the course, was to be had. Clarence Macfarlane's waterside residence, his yacht La Palma moored in front, was an open house to many of his friends. Its front was tastefully decorated with flags and greenery. Changing groups without undue crowding all the time occupied the railway and the club piers.

More life and color were evident upon the water than upon the land, apart from the events of the day which produced all the life and color. Most of the vessels, in motion and at rest, displayed flags, pennants and burgees. The Anemone made a splendid picture in herself with her graceful lines of hull and rig, all overtopped with a line of signal code flags from bowsprit to peak. Her deck was crowded with gaily attired guests and from amidst them constantly arose vocal and instrumental music by a band of trained performers. In every direction could be seen white-winged pleasure boats cruising up and down the lochs. Darting back and forth all the time between the larger craft and the piers were the fussy motor boats and row boats, carrying gay parties hither and thither in response to hospitable invitations.

Such a magnificent setting of landscape, also, has the Pearl Harbor regatta scene. Surely no aquatic racing course anywhere has more picturesque environment. Looking out over the broad lochs in three directions the eye meets a border of luxuriant groves, here

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RIDE TO TOP OF MAUNA KEA

Club Formed to Erect a Monument on the Summit.

By Sol. N. Sheridan.

From the House of Chockchoo, Kawaihae, Hawaii, June 30.—I have been across and across this big island, and yet again across it, and I rest now on the broad lanai, shaded by a thatch of lauhala, that is in the front of the House of Chockchoo close down by the waterside at Kawaihae. Small red bulls go up and down along the beach, chased by the dogs of Chockchoo. A black sow leads her sucklings, rooting for small crabs in the mud by the waterside. A red calf detains his mother there to take suck, while the cow draws up fresh water from the little springs that trickle out at low tide. Chockchoo lets out his ducks to waddle quacking across the roadway to the water, and over the blue sea of the morning across which no ripple runs a half naked Japanese sculls his white sampan strongly toward the darker water of the channel. Chockchoo himself is sweeping the rough wooden floor of the lanai, and his biggest dog forsakes the chasing of the small red bulls to come up and lie beside me in the porch with a sigh of deep content.

"Have too much warm this morning," said Chockchoo, grinning at me, amicably.

It is a statement without prejudice, made purely from sociable motives, and in that spirit I acquiesce. For I have come into content after long travail, I have breakfasted abundantly, I have bathed in the sea that is of deep and wondrous blue. I have a pipe, and there remains nothing to be desired. He must have ridden long and hard, he must have endured many a bodily jolt and jar, he must have had all his nerves a-jangle for many a weary mile in sun and shadow, who would reach the condition which I have achieved. I have a contented mind in a body that I hope will be sound, some day.

If you would achieve as much, do you go and ride 200 miles on horseback to the top of Mauna Kea, and then ride 200 miles down again to where the sea ripples in with a murmur that carries whispers of other isles in the deeper tropics.

It was only last Sunday morning, although it seems a month ago now, that we rode to the top of Mauna Kea—the Secretary, Rawhide Ben the guide, Jimmie, the Postmaster and I. Our horses were just in from the rolling pastures of Humuula, and carried us prancing through the young Mamane forest that also seems to be striving to climb that mountain.

REMARKABLE FOREST.

It was one of the most remarkable things in these islands, that Mamane forest that is fast climbing the slopes of the cones of Mauna Kea, and one of the things about which the least is known. Less than fifteen years ago, the trees were found but sparsely on the lower levels. From these the seeds might well have been carried downward by freshets to spread upon still lower slopes. But never a fresher ran that could carry Mamane seeds up a hill.

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BLOODY FIGHTS AMONG PEASANTS OVER THE LAND

Landless Russians Assail Those Who Have Holdings, While the Estates of the Nobles Are Devoted to Flames.

(Associated Press Cablegrams.)

ST. PETERSBURG, July 5.—The agrarian movement has developed a new phase in the form of a struggle between peasants who own land and those who do not. Bloody conflicts are reported from several places.

ESTATES IN FLAMES.

The estates of Prince Obolensky and other large proprietors in the province of Saratoff are reported to be in flames.

Thus, while the Russian peasants are fighting among themselves, in a struggle which may be inspired by the bureaucrats, the party of violence continues to pay its respects to the noble land owners. Whatever happens in Russia, or whoever is hurt, the warfare upon the aristocrats continues and seems to become more bitter with each passing day. In this, too, the conditions in the Czar's empire furnish a striking parallel to those which obtained in France in the early days of the great revolution.

ROJESTVENSKY TAKES ALL BLAME FOR DEFEAT

CRONSTADT, July 5.—Admiral Rojestvensky has pleaded guilty before the Court Martial, and assumed all blame for his defeat at the hands of the Japanese. The taking of testimony in the case will probably require several days.

On Saturday and Sunday, May 27 and 28, a year ago, the Japanese fleet, under Admiral Togo, met and completely defeated the Russian fleet from the Baltic, the battle taking place in the Sea of Japan off the Tsushima island. During the engagement the crews of some of the Russian ships mutinied and threw their officers overboard, hauling down their flags.

Admiral Rojestvensky was severely wounded, one of his admirals was killed and 10,000 Russians were slain. The entire Russian fleet was scattered or destroyed, six vessels hoisted the white flag and sixteen were sunk or disabled. Rojestvensky was attempting to elude the Japanese fleet, stating after his capture that he had hoped to clear Tsushima island during a heavy fog, but a gale lifted the fog and revealed Togo's fleet in front of him.

In the severe engagement the Japanese losses were none in ships and only 400 in men. According to the Japanese experts the Russians lost through incomplete reconnaissance, incomplete and misleading intelligence, imperfect battle formation and inferior gunnery.

HEIR TO THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

BERLIN, July 5.—The Crown Princess was yesterday delivered of a son. The young prince will be named Wilhelm.

ROOSEVELT IN AMERICA, BRYAN IN ENGLAND

OYSTER BAY, New York, July 5.—President Roosevelt delivered the oration here yesterday in commemoration of the natal day of the nation.

BRYAN SPEAKS IN LONDON

LONDON, July 5.—William Jennings Bryan was the central figure in the American celebration of the Fourth of July here.

CONAN DOYLE'S WIFE DEAD.

LONDON, July 5.—The wife of Dr. A. Conan Doyle, the novelist, is dead.

ROOT SAILS FOR SOUTH AMERICA ON CHARLESTON

NEW YORK, July 5.—Secretary of State Root sailed for South America yesterday on board the new cruiser Charleston.

The prime object of the visit of the Secretary of State to South America is to attend the Pan-American conference, which convenes in Rio Janeiro on the 12th inst. After the conference the Secretary will visit Uruguay, Paraguay, Ecuador, Chile and Peru for the purpose of interesting the governments of these republics in the coming peace conference at The Hague.

ATTELL GETS THE DECISION.

LOS ANGELES, July 5.—Abe Attell won the decision over Franklin Niel.

